

THE LITTLE APOSTLE of the MOUNTAIN PROVINCE



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THE LITTLE APOSTLE OF THE MOUNTAIN PROVINCE

*The organ of the Missionaries of the Immaculate Heart of Mary (Scheutveia Fathers)
in the Mountain Province of the Philippines.*

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San Fernando		12:46 A. M.	DAMORTIS		10:30 P. M.
Dau		1:23 A. M.	San Fabian		11:02 P. M.
Tarlac		2:30 A. M.	Dagupan		11:24 P. M.
Paniqui		3:14 A. M.	Paniqui		1:06 A. M.
Dagupan		4:48 A. M.	Tarlac		1:44 A. M.
San Fabian		5:18 A. M.	Dau		2:47 A. M.
DAMORTIS		6:05 A. M.	San Fernando		3:34 A. M.
Agoo		6:23 A. M.	Malolos		4:13 A. M.
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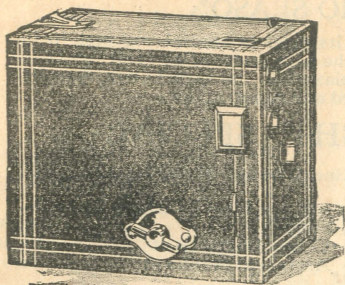
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Are Saints Born Such?

*How Parents should exercise their authority
if they wish to preserve it.*

(Continuation of November, 1927)

3—*Parents, watch your children and don't permit them to associate with unruly companions: disobedience is contagious!*

CHILDREN, PLAYING TOGETHER, talk together and the chief topic of their conversations certainly is their daring exploits, especially those which other children, their companions, do not dare to do and are not doing. So, an unruly child will talk about facts of its disobedience, its ways of deceiving its parents, its success in escaping punishment, its fearlessness of its parents, its contempt of parents who do not permit what itself is allowed to do, and even of its own parents for what they forbid it to do.

All the time the obedient child—your child—hears this exciting talk. It feels small in presence of

one who to little eyes must look like a hero, a daredevil, a super-being. It feels an attraction to imitate the naughty companion, so that in turn it may tell stories that make its companions wonder. In one word it begins to crave for things you have forbidden.

The naughty child, with an air of superiority, will mock your own child, because it is such a coward as to obey, even when the parents are absent. It will humiliate your child before others, calling it a baby, etc., which your good child, in its childish thoughts and ways, wants, at all price, to avoid and for which it is soon ready to do the forbidden act.

Nay, the naughty companion will invite your child to accompany him to the place you have interdicted and to do the things you have forbidden. Where is the child, in the presence of such al-

lurements, who will resist? In this way, your good child will disobey once, twice, etc....and soon a habit of disobeying is formed.

Let us suppose that, on first meeting with the naughty child or children, your own child does not begin disobeying at once. Nevertheless their conversations must bring a fatal result. The parents of the naughty children may permit what you deny: already this may, in the course of the childish conversation, make your child feel a grudge against you. Will your child not be inclined to ask: Why he is not allowed to do as other children? Will he not see in you a tyrant who permits nothing, while other children are allowed to act more freely and enjoy themselves? Such thoughts, such inner criticisms, do they not decrease the feeling of respect for your authority and open the way to disobedience?

The naughty children, companions of yours, will not fail in their conversation to criticize your strictness, and they will praise the broadmindedness of their own parents who permit what you forbid. Again, such conversation fatally decreases your children's respect for you and your authority.

Parents, watch the companions of your children and if you hear that they are disobeying their parents, or doing actions you forbid, it is nigh time of forbidding your children their company,

otherwise, you soon will see changes in your own children.

And if you detect a naughty child among the friends of your children, or if one of your own children disobeys, profit by this occasion to give your children a lesson.

How? Show your children the meanness of disobeying, and its fatal consequences. Speak of the ingratitude of the delinquent; of what the parents did and are doing for that child and how it, nevertheless not only refuses to give its parents pleasure but causes them sorrow. Speak of the sin that a disobedient child commits against God. Have stories and facts ready, by preference taken from Holy Scripture, the word of God, that relate the bad consequences and even visible punishments of God that followed disobedience against parents.

Speak of Absalom who revolted against his father, King David, and how, while flying, he was caught by his hair in the branches of a tree and killed.

Speak of the sons of Heli, who disobeyed their father by stealing, and tell your children how these disobedient children were slain in battle as a punishment for their sins of stealing and disobedience.

At this occasion, remember that the sons of Heli continued their naughtiness because Heli was too weak to forbid their sins, and contented himself by simply rebuking their sacrilegious thefts,

for which he himself was severely punished by God.

Relate facts of families you have known, or perhaps you know among your neighbors, who are unhappy because the children are unruly.

But this is only a negative part of the lesson, to be given at the time of some disobedience observed. Speak thus also of the advantages of obedience. Speak of the blessings of "a long life on earth" promised by God to children who respect their parents. This long life means special blessings bestowed by God upon those who respect their parents.

You certainly know happy families in which the parents and children are of one spirit. Profit by this sight of happiness to show your children how that peace and joy depend on the obedience of the children.

A Hindu had requested a Catholic layman to show him the church, and to give him some idea about the teaching of our faith. To this the Catholic readily agreed, so at the appointed time these two might have been seen wandering round the church. Here let it be noted that the Hindu was most respectful. We need not dwell on each particular of their conversation, for the only point that interests us is the remark made by this good man, when he heard of the Catholic belief in the Real Presence. "Do you really believe" he asked, "that the One True God dwells in that small recep-

Let the children draw their own conclusions. In their consciences there will speak a voice that says: "Such punishments as you have heard, may befall you, in case you disobey your parents", or, "such rewards will be yours if you obey your parents". They know that God sees them everywhere, and notes their obedience and disobedience; and consequently, as a story is easily remembered, the lesson by examples of disobedient and obedient children, will easily be remembered and be a powerful stimulus to avoid punishment and deserve rewards, that are sent from Heaven, for their respectful obedience.

While citing these examples of Holy Scripture, parents prove once more that parental authority comes from God, and that by the authority of God they uphold theirs.

tacle, which lies on what you call the altar? Well, the least I can say is that if I could believe the same, I should never enter this church, except on my knees."

Aunt: "Elsie, Why don't you eat your egg?"

Elsie: "I don't Want it."

Aunt: "When I Was your age I should have been glad to have that egg."

Elsie: "Perhaps it was fresh then, auntie."

The Martyrs of Japan

February 5

About forty years after the death of St. Francis Xavier, a persecution broke out in Japan and all Christian rites were forbidden under pain of death. A confraternity of martyrs was at once formed, the object of which was to die for Christ. Even the little children joined it. Peter, a Christian child, six years old, was awakened early and told that he was to be beheaded, together with his father. Strong in grace, he expressed his joy at the news, dressed himself in his gayest clothing and took the hand of the soldier who was to lead him to death. The headless trunk of his father first met his view; calmly kneeling down, he prayed beside the corpse, and, loosening his collar, prepared his neck for the stroke. Moved by this touching scene, the executioner threw down his sabre and fled. None but a brutal slave could be found for the murderous task; with unskilled and trembling hand he hacked the child to pieces, who at last died without uttering a single cry.

Christians were branded with the cross, or all but buried alive, while head and arms were slowly

sawn off with blunt weapons. The least shudder under their anguish was interpreted into apostasy. The obstinate were put to the most cruel deaths, but the survivors only envied them. Five noble men were escorted to the stake by 40,000 Christians with flowers and lights, singing the Litanies of Our Lady as they went. In the great martyrdom, at which thousands also assisted, the martyrs sent up a flood of melody from the fire, which only died away as one after another went to sing the new song in heaven. Later on, a more awful doom was invented. The victims were lowered into a sulphurous chasm, called the "mouth of hell" near which no bird nor animal could live. The chief of these, Paul Wiborg, whose family had been already massacred for the Faith, was thrice let down, thrice he cried, with a loud voice, "Eternal praise be to the ever-adorable Sacrament of the Altar." The third time, he went to his reward.

REFLECTION.—If mere children face tortures and death with joy for Christ, can we begrudge the slight penances He asks us to bear?

"Advertising surely pays."

"How so?"

"We lost a mongrel pup and guess

what happened."

"You got it back again."

"No—we got two better dogs."

*So Speak the Wise....
and the Young Heed the Lesson!*

331. *Providence provides for the provident.*
332. *As brisk as a bee in a tar-pot.*
333. *Throw him into a river and he will come up with a fish in his mouth.*
334. *A hedge between keeps friendship green.*
335. *He that goes a great way for a wife is either cheated or means to cheat.*
336. *Kings and bears often worry their keepers.*
337. *A cool mouth and warm feet live long.*
338. *Of all meat in the world, drink goes down the best.*
339. *God deliver me from a man of one book.*
340. *We are all Adam's children but silk makes the difference.*
341. *A cut purse is a sure trade, for he has ready money when his work is done.*
342. *Better bend the neck than bruise the forehead.*
343. *Usurers live by the fall of heirs, as swine by dropping of acorns.*
344. *The noisiest drum has nothing in it but air.*
345. *He who will not be ruled by the rudder must be ruled by the rock.*



THE MISSION

Letter of Rev. Fr. M. Vanoverbergh

Missionary of Kabugaw, Apayaw

Dear Benefactors of the Apayaw Mission,

ALTHOUGH the Reverend Editor of The Little Apostle persists in adding a superfluous E at the end of my name (which is long enough as it is, without the need of any further additions), there can be no doubt that the catechist in question is intended for my mission. But, to tell the truth, I could hardly believe my eyes. That is certainly some help (excuse the slang, as I cannot very well express my meaning otherwise). A catechist! For a year. Only in Heaven will you be able to understand what that means. It cannot be counted in pesos and centavos, as it represents such a tremendous amount of immortal souls, that will have a chance to be saved through your mediation.

This catechist, who by the way is now on duty at Ripang (called by government officials, Conner), and his name is Pio Laberinto,

not a labyrinth though, but an easy road to follow, pointing straight to Heaven...., this catechist will teach children every day, he will make friends with them, and through them with their mothers, and when the wife is interested the husband has to follow, and so gradually he will be able to introduce the missionary to people, who were either too shy, or even adverse to meeting him. And these will attract others, and the children will marry in due time and found Christian families, and little by little paganism will go the way of all flesh, and we shall have a Christian district where formerly Satan reigned supreme.

I deem it unnecessary and superfluous to offer you my thanks. My daily prayers at the Altar will see to that, and Our Lord Himself will show His thanks to you and remunerate you in a way we can scarcely imagine, far from trying to emulate it.

Anyhow I invited a native orchestra to celebrate the happy event.

But the better to see the importance of the donation, let us look at the subprovince of Apayaw, which is taken care of spiritually by Rev. Father J. Poot and myself. I have been so busy writing ethnologically about the Negritos that the readers of *The Little Apostle* might forget that I am a missionary and that I have one third of the Mountain Province under my jurisdiction. From Aparri, Cagayan to Claveria, Cagayan and from Tuao, Cagayan to Solsona, I. N. and to Anayan, Abra: whatever lies between is my territory. Last year I passed the Cordillera to go to Laoag, I. N., and last March I dropped into Abra, coming back by way of the Kalinga Subprovince.

And the roads? Just a few miles of trails where horses can get along. All the rest has to be done by canoe or raft, shooting dangerous rapids at every turn, or more frequently hiking along impossible paths, clinging with one's hands to some rock overhanging a precipice and trying to push one's big toe into some crack or crevice. But God protects His missionaries. When climbing and going down steep slopes is out the question, and level ground is encountered, we wade in mud knee deep or pass through forests infested by leeches. Fortunately the numerous crocodiles have had the

splendid idea to become timid, and generally crawl away at our approach.

And the people? The whole western section is inhabited by Isneg or Apayaw, formerly terrible headhunters, but very peaceful at this time. The eastern portion is occupied by Iloko settlers and Negritos. The South, where that famous catechist is working, claims three languages, Ibanag, spoken by Christian Cagayan settlers, Isneg and Kalinga.

If we keep on travelling from place to place, we can barely see all our people once a year, so you see that the missionary alone cannot do the work, without the help of faithful and zealous catechists.

With the splendid addition of Mr. Laberinto, I have two catechists now, one in the center and the subject of your bounty, in the South. Now you will excuse me for saying that I should have at least 5 more to be able to do some efficient work. You see you gave me a taste of that catechist stuff, and, as I relish it so much, I am hankering for more.

We have, for the moment, six large municipal districts: Kabugaw, where we sometimes reside, has a catechist and will soon have a little chapel. But it is so large, that we need at least two catechists, instead of one, the second one residing at Karagawan, for instance, half a day from here. Ripang has its chapel and its catechist (now at least, through your

unbounded generosity, thank you). Then we have Namaltogan and Bayag (which means "late" in Iloko), both wholly inhabited by Isneg, where the Methodists have made an inroad and are trying to sow...., well, you know what kind of seed. Then Tawit and Allakapan, full of Christians and Negritos. Most Christians belonged to the Aglipayan Church, but a good many have come back, and the rest are just waiting for the opportunity to be told to do so.

We are living in a shack and we do not mind it. But what we mind is to see so many people without the benefit of Christian education. And this will be a sufficient guarantee of our gratefulness toward you, who made it

possible to evangelize more thoroughly at least one part of our immense territory, a gratefulness which shall only end in death, or rather will be more keenly felt and better able to express itself in Heaven. This should be a gratifying consolation to all of you, our dear benefactors, who no doubt have to make a good many sacrifices to keep up such noble work. Good-bye.

Father M. Vanoverbergh.

P. S. Up to now only one reader of *The Little Apostle* had given me monetary help, and she is from Zamboanga. That looks like both ends of the Philippines meeting, doesn't it? A renewed thanks to her through *The Little Apostle*.

Two Future Popes in the Kitchen

One morning, a number of years ago, a young priest in spectacles arrived at the Bishop's palace in Mantua, Italy. He ascended to the Bishop's apartment, and knocked. Nobody answered. Going cautiously in, the priest found himself in the presence of the Bishop, who was holding a coffee pot in his hand.

"Monsignor, I am a priest passing through the city", said the visitor. "I have just offered the Holy Sacrifice in the cathedral and did not wish to leave the city without paying my respect to Your Lordship."

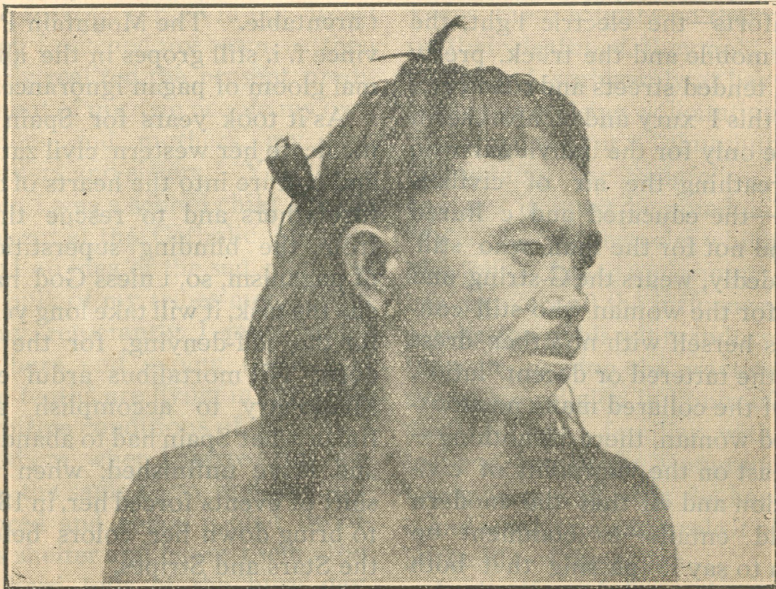
"You have just said Mass", responded the Bishop, "then you have not had breakfast? I shall be delighted to have

you eat with me. Come and help me with it", said the Bishop. "My sister who generally does the cooking, is late returning today, so I had to manage alone. You will not mind giving me a hand..."

And the Bishop who was Monsignor Sarto, the future Pope Pius X, still with the coffee pot in his hand, went into the kitchen where he was followed by the priest who was none other than Achille Ratti, our present Holy Father, Pope Pius XI, and the two future Pontiffs prepared their breakfast together.

This little incident was told in 1926 when death claimed the faithful sister of the sainted Pope Pius X.

Vacation Echoes!



A Type of a strong man of Bontok.

MY EIGHT YEARS sojourn in the Islands Metropolis could not fail to forge in my heart a high-spirited and glowing desire and eagerness to see "home" once more, and one understands this better when he takes into consideration the fact that I left Bontok, my natal village, right on the eve of my teens.

So, when my eyes again feasted on old Bontok, the haven that prides itself with all the unsullied scenery of a virgin nature and of ever-watchful ramparts forged and raised by no other hand than

that of the Almighty, diverse sensations and numberless musings took hold of my soul during my fleeting vacation days.

I was, of course, partly out in the mountains of old for recuperation and reinforcement of my limbs and mind, after a long grilling school year, but meanwhile, as is always the case with youth, adventure and observation floated in with the tide of my rest.

From the deepest recesses of my young memory, there looms up an undeniable fact that the Bontok of my early boyhood has

undergone many vicissitudes.

Materially, the old home town now basks in and enjoys some of the modern world's luxuries and comforts—the electric light, the automobile and the truck, pretty well tended streets and roads, etc. But this luxury and comfort seem to be only for the individual who is breathing the air of civilization—the educated and cultured—and not for the man who still, decidedly, wears the G-string, and not for the woman who still contents herself with no other dress but the tattered or decent "lufid".

Of the collared man and stockinged woman, there is nothing—at least on the viewpoint of civilization and all that the modern world entails—to comment on than to say in passing that both think and act in the same categorical aspect and manner as their lowland brothers and sisters.

It is needless to say that Spain had to undergo various currents of decades and decades of years before she saw the blossoming buds, flowers and fruits of her grand labor: the christianization, civilization and education of the man who today airs the rane Filipino. The mother country had to send hundreds and thousands of Missionaries to preach the gospel of Jesus Christ to, the then, pagan and superstitious immigrated Malay. The result? Our boast of being the "only Christian nation in the Extreme Orient."

But this well-merited boast

still bears a rent that must be patched before the claim, "Only Christian nation in the Extreme Orient" can be made whole and unrentable. The Mountain Province f. i. still gropes in the abyssal gloom of pagan ignorance.

As it took years for Spain to inculcate her western civilization and culture into the hearts of our forefathers and to rescue them from the blinding superstitions of paganism, so, unless God hastens the task, it will take long years for the self-denying, for the indeed: "Nil mortalibus ardui est" Missionary to accomplish and finish what Spain had to abandon, and leave unfinished, when the shift of events forced her, in 1898, to bring down her colors before the Stars and Stripes.

Little Belgium, on request of Rome, has sent her magnanimous and stout-hearted sons and daughters—men and women who deny themselves the ease and comfort of home—to undertake the conversion of the Igorrote of the fair Philippines. Eight pioneers, after many weary days of sea travel were landed on the Island's soil in Manila sometime in 1907. Twenty years of arduous labor and hard privations bore abundant fruit, in converts for God and Church as well as for our country, but what are they compared to the thousands still left in the darkness of paganism and Beelzebub? The Good Shepherd needs must take pains to travel through

brambles and thorns to seek, gather and claim these into His tender and zealous care.

An aching feeling, mingled with sorrow, surged in my breast when I reached my town, as then I fully realized the present predicament of my own people, my own fathers and mothers, my own brothers and sisters. Years ago, when I was a school child on the convent at the Catholic Mission, I had no idea of the sad plight of the bulk of my tribes-men. And today, reluctantly I must admit the bare and gaping truth that nine tenths are living in the same primitive conditions of life, as I left them, when I started for Manila: the same sooty and ground-floored and cogon-roofed dwellings shelter and house them after the hard toils of the busy day. The same pagan customs and ideas and practices, remain rooted in their daily life. Of these customs, ideas and practices, the Missionary's labor succeeded in undermining some and among their converts, but not entirely and among all. He has still a vast task to accomplish and for such a great labor he naturally looks to his fellow-men and to our country-people for aid.

The "kaniaw" still holds its premiership in the heart of the Igorrote and it happens that baptized souls succumb to this inveterate pagan custom that keeps him in the slavery of our sworn enemy. But on the other hand it

is also consoling to see, hear and know that there are scores who endeavor to do away with the kaniaw—the salt of the Faith keeps them robust—so that even on their deathbed, they hold doggedly and stubbornly at bay the tender promising solicitations of those around for a "chutchut" or Mañgmañg "or Sañgfo". The kaniaw, it must be noted, is one of the greatest obstacles which the Missionary has to undermine: He has to exert all the influence and persuasion of his wit to induce the Igorrote to stop the practices of the pagan religion in honor of the devil. Those, familiar with the ins and outs of the Mountaineer, know very well what the kaniaw is and what important role it plays in the life of the pagan.

In itself, and from the standpoint of Christianity, it is a superstitious and idolatrous practice and ceremony; it is an offering to the evil spirit; it consists of a chicken, or pig, or carabao killed and consumed at the slightest prognostic of sickness or other evil. When the kaniaw assumes itself into a grand scale, chickens, pigs, and carabaos are slaughtered in great number, not counting many cavans of rice. The effect, of course, of such kaniaws tends to impoverish the Igorrote.

Today, the Igorrote realizes the importance of the hospital. He begins to appreciate the value and power of medicines; he sees that a wound and a sickness can



Types of the Bontok women.

be healed and cured without a kaniaw and that he needs not kill his last chicken, or pig, or carabao and even make debts to buy some animals for slaughter at the pagan feast, to save himself from the spirit that causes diseases. Yet, it must not be presumed that he does away entirely with the kaniaw because he senses the beneficiary effects of the hospital—far from it—he will revert to the kaniaw time and again. And none can dissuade him from this pagan practice, save and only save the soothing balm and edifying influence and tranquil environment of the True Fold. This then is the reason why I asserted that the

kaniaw is a great obstacle, a great stone wall, that stands on the rugged path of the Missionary.

Another force, which the Mission Field of Bontok has to contend with, is the "olog". I am not at all aware of any existence of the "olog" system in the other parts of the Mountain Province, like Benguet or Ifugao, etc. Hence in justice to them, they must be excluded from whatever criticism the olog draws to itself. I guess my old home, Bontok, alone can shoulder the brunts of just criticisms that are heaped on the "olog". Only I trust and hope that the day will come when the olog shall be brushed out of ex-

istence and all its memories cast into the pool of oblivion.

The "olog" is a small building, rectangular in form on the ground and triangular in front and rear; in some cases this shape is somewhat modified. Ventilation is altogether wanting, except through the entrance which is oftentimes closed when the inmates are in. The cogon-roofing noses the very earth itself. The height is rarely a normal person's stature. The length does not exceed ten feet and the width at the most is less than seven feet. Entrance is by a

"side stroke" as you shove yourself in. When in, you have to stoop if your height demands it, otherwise, you smear yourself with the thick soot that adorns the inside roofing. Its full house capacity goes no further than twenty persons. Such is the rough sketch of the "olog". Cleanliness naturally will shrink at the idea of making a night's bed in that place where the toil-worn Bontok maiden spends her well-earned rest at night.

To be continued.

Mission News & Notes

Kiangan.

Father De Snick writes:

One sometimes reads in the Little Apostle an appeal for a chapel for some outpost of a mission. A sceptic may ask what the use of a chapel can be in a remote place, amidst pagans, who understand nothing either about God or about His doctrine.

Let me give a concrete example of what a use a chapel has been. Yesterday, the 8th of December, the feast of the Immaculate Conception, we celebrated the feast of the Patron Saint of Mungayan, with all the pomp and splendor

that were most attractive to the people. Here is the program: In the afternoon of the 7th, distribution of prizes for boys and girls who had passed successfully their examinations in prayers.

- 2—Games with prizes.
- 3—Ifugao dances without prizes.
- 4—A general prize consisting in a hearty supper for all the "ilustrados" of the town.
- 5—After the banquet, a concert of fifteen numbers, (The first ever given in the mountains of Mungayan).

Result: a continuous smiling on the faces of all and a bounding happiness in every beating heart!

December 8th.

More than thirty people received Holy Communion. The Congregation sang the "Misa de Angelis" to the great astonishment of many pagans who had entered the already packed chapel.

After Mass, procession with the statue of the Immaculate Conception and blessing of the ricefields. This is an item of every year's Patron feast.

What I have observed is that every year the people coming to the festivities, in increasing numbers wear clothes and take greater interest in the Christian customs.

The chapel of Mungayan was blessed by Father Moerman, three years ago, in October, 1924. Since that time 190 baptisms were administered in the chapel, of course the greatest number to little children, twenty five of those babies dying afterwards, and thus going to heaven from where they watch their parents and country people. Since the first of January 1927, until the 8th of December, the

chapel was visited thirty times by the missionary; he heard 580 confessions and distributed 570 Holy Communions. One of the greatest events that took place in the chapel was a burial, for a christian funeral is much opposed to the customs and superstitions of the Ifugaos. Eight marriages were blessed in that same chapel.

Mungayan is a small place. To give you a concrete example of what use a chapel in an outpost of a mission is, I could have selected that of other chapels which have given even better results; but as yesterday it was the Patron feast of Mungayan, and today I am tired, I kept myself busy while resting by sending these few lines to the Little Apostle, so that the benefactress who presented the Mungayan chapel with a beautiful statue of the Immaculate Conception, may have a chance to learn of what is done around and before her generous gift; that benefactress is a Filipino nurse in Hong-kong.

A Good-Natured King

On one occasion Philip II. of Spain had spent many hours of the night in writing a long letter to the Pope, and when it was finished, he gave it to his secretary to be folded and sealed. The secretary, being half asleep, poured, as he thought, sand over the sheet in order to dry the ink—as was customary

before the invention of blotting-paper—but was thoroughly awakened and horrified as well on discovering that he had covered the paper, not with sand, but with ink. The King without even an impatient exclamation, remarked, "Here is another sheet of paper," and began the letter over again.



COUNTRY AND PEOPLE

The Songs of a People

Igorrote Customs in East Benguet

by Rev. Father Claerhoudt Missionary, Bokod, Benguet

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X

Pe-chit

Continuation

IV

The next morning more and more people in long black, lines descended towards Pidjaga. Each and all were in a festive mood, and their laughing brown faces disappeared under ripples and pearls of dripping perspiration; but shone with happiness and joy because they were going to the feast, the "Pe-chit" of Busilan.

"Akou," the sun, rose majestically above the glimmering peaks in the azure sky.

In front of Busilan's house lay fat hogs securely tied by their feet and around them skipped the dancers in an uninterrupted tempo.

There reigned deafening noise: the metallic tinkling of the kalsas and the somber humming of the sulibaws mixed with the shouting and singing of the drunken men and the atob songs of the women, accompanied by the yelling and screaming of the hogs and the ordering and answering of running busy servants and maidens.... In the meantime the mambunung proceeded with his solemn duty. He took the string of pearls from the neck of Kadjat, lay it in a small rattan basket, placed it on his tousled head and, swinging some leaves of an overgrown diew-diew plant, he made the sorcerer's dance round the hogs, in front of

the hut. He called the souls of Busilan and Kadjat and he ordered them to take a place near the necklace in the basket on top of his head....

As soon as the souls of Busilan and his wife Kadjat had entered the basket, the mambunung took it from his head, held it with both hands before him and called Kabunian the divinity, bidding him to come to him and take part in the feast, and he offered to Kabunian the heavy hogs to be slaughtered that day as a sacrifice of honor and gratitude.

Busilan and Kadjat entered their house, while, the mambunung snatched a few bristles from the back of the fattest hog, scratched something with a small rattan stick out of the ear of the beast, and brought these two powerful talismans into the house....

As if this had been the signal expected, the young men jumped at the hogs, separated them, sharpened their punches, sprung at any of the hogs they could get in touch with, and had soon driven their rattan into the hearts of the suffering animals.

Pitiful screams caused by the sharp pain echoed thru the air, followed by a weakening groan, and then the boys, besmirched with blood, turned their victims over the scorching flames of a few logs to burn the hair and bristles of the heavy beasts. In the meantime the dances were going on uninterruptedly, the people were

drinking ricewine, the men were singing their badiws and the women in small groups repeated the songs of the men.

The burning noon sun poured its glowing fire into the Pidjaga valley; it was as if the slopes of the surrounding mountains were all afire, but the feasting crowd continued eating, drinking and dancing without interruption in honor of Busilan, while their dusty faces dripped with black perspiration.

Late in the afternoon, when the shadows had already lengthened, many small groups of the well filled guests left and went home, heavily loaded with baskets full of meat, some bleeding and fresh, and some boiled: this was the part reserved for those at home who had not been able to come to Busilan's feast.

Dasang too would have liked to go home, but Katódan was so far away.... and she did not see a chance to say goodbye to Busilan who was sitting inside the house.... and Tilling while running to and fro had told her: "Mother, wait untill tomorrow." So, she remained.

The next morning, the day of the "Bañgon no éxol", the mambunung whispered a few prayers and exorcisms over the sturdy neck and big throat and over the tail of the fattest hog slaughtered the day before, and which had been preserved for the feast of the fourth day, and all the rich people

of the neighboring villages who had remained until now, again did honor to the banquet....

While the servants prepared the slaughtering of more hogs, the dance was resumed in front of the house. Busilan sat inside and drank tapoy, he drank cool ricewine: in his half closed watery eyes shone an undescrivable satisfaction at the success of his "Pechit."

—"Busilan" Tuling said while entering the house, "Mother would like to go home because Katódan is far from here and the way thru Baukó and Balalée is fatiguing."

Busilan shook his head as if to say: "No", arose, stumbled outwards to the place where the old men were sitting and sat down near Palsied, Amarés, Dagsul and Dangtiben.

—"Bring another jar of tapoy" he shouted and he called Dasang and ordered her to sit down near him, in the circle.

—"Tuding!" Busilan shouted.

—"Okeissa!" This last was Busilan's daughter.

—"Agik... brethren" Busilan said: "I have to tell you something that fills my heart to the brim. I have to tell you something I have been thinking over in the depth of my heart.

Everybody crawled a little nearer old Busilan. He continued:

—"A year ago came to my house here Tuling, the child of

Siano who died on Apoonaan. You all knew very well Siano who died on Apoonaan."

—"Yes" said all the old men, "We knew Siano, and ..."

—"Here is his wife: here is his widow, Dasang, whom I called to take part in our feast.

Now, brethren, I have to tell you something. Tuling her child served me here for more than a year.... to earn something with which to pay off all the expenses of Siano's death and burial. I have seen Tuling at work and all that I ordered him to do, he did it with courage and he took care of my things as if they had been his own.

My heart and my mind went to him, because he was active, because he was good and because he loved his mother.... and therefore, brethren, I will tell you what I have planned, and I know, for you are all men of brains and heart, I know you will approve what I am about to declare...."

In the meantime the tapoy jar made the round and the old men took a deep drink of the gorgeous wine of honor.

—"I know, Tuling is poor, for Siano possessed nothing on Apoonaan, but Tuling has a couple of arms on his body and his heart does not know any pride. I desire to make Tuling my child and the husband of my daughter...."

—"Magteng Busilan.... that is well, that is good, Busilan" nodded all the old men present and each

one of them had a few words to say about the clever thought of Busilan.

Tuling sat speechless at their side, intently looking to the ground: his heart was beating to bursting. Dasang, his mother, hid her face with both her hands and nervously shook her head from right to left and from left to right: no....! no....! no....!

—“Abwadek! Bainko! No!.... no!.... no!.... I am ashamed”, she stammered “no.... that can not.... we are deadly poor.... anchi Busilan.... no, Busilan.... that can not.... kaasiannak ni abwadek a kaasi.... have pity on me, a great pity!.... no, that can not.... that may not....?”

But Busilan who had foreseen such an answer, sought in his mind the nicest examples and the strongest reasons to overcome her resistance: the other old men helped him and they sustained, strengthened his arguments and, at about noon, Busilan struck up the nicest badiew song of the sweetest joy he had ever intoned in his long life, for Dasang powerless had consented and Okeissa would become Tuling's wife....

The next day, the feast continued: it was the feast day in honor of the departed: the mambunung exorcised the hog to be slaughtered and, the whole day, the spirits of the dead joined the dances on the busy yard of Busilan's house.

The next day, after another exorcism of the mambunung, and while all the kalsas and sulibaws echoed far and high in the distance, the skulls of all the animals slaughtered were suspended with “agwi”, rattan, under the roof, above the entrance.

I mai-kanem: the sixth day of the “molmol”, the dance did not stop, but, the seventh day, the sulibaws and the kalsas were quiet.

In the meantime, Dasang and her daughter Aminga had long arrived on Katóodaan and her heart remained heavy because of what happened at Pidjaga, but.... yes.... its inner fibers vibrated with joy on account of her son, on account of her Tuling who would marry Okeissa, the daughter of rich Busilan of Pidjaga.

The eighth and ninth day, again hogs were slaughtered in Busilan's yard and two days and two nights the people drank and ate and danced.

The same happened once more on the twelfth day.

On the fiftieth day, while everybody was busy feasting and dancing, Busilan left for the mountains to accomplish the precepts of the “Pe-chit”: a whole day and whole night, he wandered around in the hills, thinking about the glorious happenings at his home.

On the third day, when he heard the drumming of the sulibaw near his house, he came down from the mountains, carrying on

his shoulders a few pine branches entirely barked and nicely stripped. Coming at the river, he dived in the cool water, let his body dry in the warm sun and then he came home where everybody welcomed him and did him great honor. Two days later he celebrated the "kappi", the last and slaughtered a few hogs.

The next day, he gave the "sepnak ni kappi", the last hogs' slaughtering, the closing feast: this was the last and the end of his "Pe-chit."



Again a whole year had passed....

The ceremonies, the "ngilin" of Tuling's and Okeissa's marriage were over. Busilan lived happily on Pidjaga, for Tuling worked and toiled in the ricefields, took care of the cattle in the

mountains and Kabunian, the divinity, gave life and growth to all what was sown and planted. Dasang remained still with Aminga on Katóodaan, but her heart was quiet and without anxiety: the debts were paid.... she had offered a feast in honor of Siano whose soul was wandering on the Polak and the time passed away in an endless variation of plodding in the ricepaddies on the slopes of the mountains during the scorching days of the harvest and the grey weeks of torrential rains at the time the rice was growing.... an endless variation of heavy toiling and many bodily pains, but also of feasts and amusements that made them forget all their sorrows and threw some sunshine on the somber rock and scorched desert of their pagan life with its endless miseries.

To be continued.



Hair As Is. — "Why don't you bob your hair"?

"I can't decide on the style," answered Miss Cayenne. "I don't know whether to have it look like a whisk broom or a feather duster."



Never since I have known Jesus Christ, has anything created appeared beautiful enough to look after it with desire.

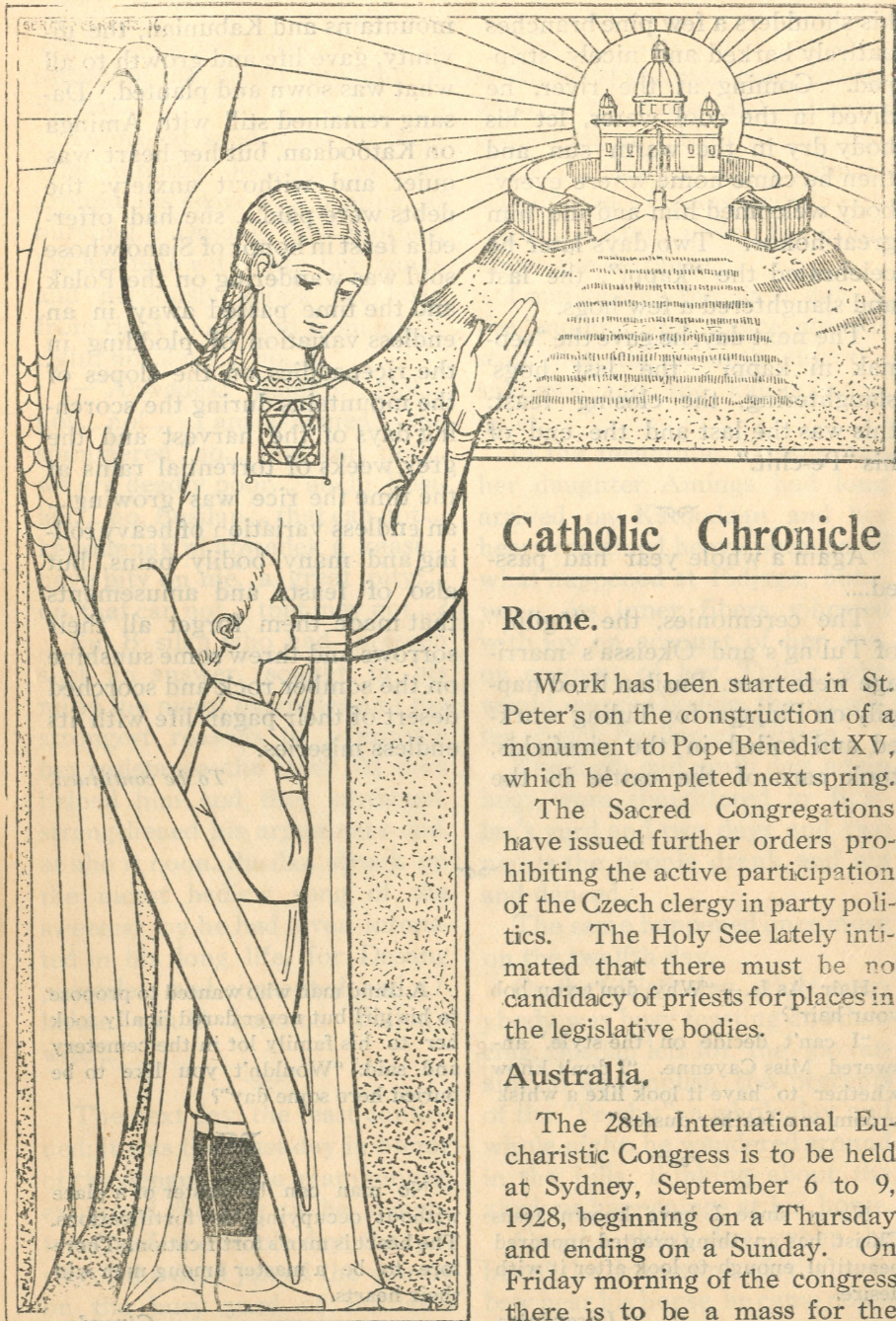
Lacordaire.

A timid man who wanted to propose to his girl but never dared finally took her to his family lot in the cemetery and said: "Wouldn't you like to be buried here some day"?



No man can be master of a place without occupying its fortifications. The heart is man's fortification. Therefore to be a master among men win their hearts.

Girardey.



Catholic Chronicle

Rome.

Work has been started in St. Peter's on the construction of a monument to Pope Bénédict XV, which be completed next spring.

The Sacred Congregations have issued further orders prohibiting the active participation of the Czech clergy in party politics. The Holy See lately intimated that there must be no candidacy of priests for places in the legislative bodies.

Australia.

The 28th International Eucharistic Congress is to be held at Sydney, September 6 to 9, 1928, beginning on a Thursday and ending on a Sunday. On Friday morning of the congress there is to be a mass for the

children, which 15,000 children will attend. There are to be 15 international discussions. At night there will be national discussions conducted in the language of the participants. His Excellency, the Apostolic Delegate, has expressed the desire for the fullest representation of the missionary activities of the Church in the Pacific.

A permanent Catholic radio broadcasting station will be established.

Belgium.

The General Christian Labor Union has just held its annual congress in Brussels. The Union counts now 168,582 members against 151,717 in 1926. A few years ago the Socialist Labor Union counted 600,000 members against 530,000 in 1927. Of the 1,000,000 industrial laborers in Belgium, some 370,000 are as yet not unionized.

China.

The Apostolic Delegate to China, Archbishop Constantini, has appointed Father Peter Cheng Bishop of Swan-Hwa-Fu, in Chili, as successor to Msgr. Chao, one of the six Chinese Bishops, consecrated by the Holy Father, who died several weeks ago.

Father Esquenet of the Congregation of the Immaculate Heart of Mary has been for months a prisoner of Chinese bandits, while

his confrere Father Costenoble is held a prisoner at his home by soldiers of General Feng.

England.

So often did dying soldiers recover after receiving Extreme Unction, that hospital nurses during the World War used to try to make priests believe Protestant soldiers were Catholics so that they would also administer the Sacrament to them, Father C. C. Martindale, S. J. stated at a meeting in London of disabled soldiers. He also related that army doctors used to ask Catholic Chaplains to take certain soldier-patients into retreat, so good an effect did it have on their health and mental condition.

Six Protestant young men who once acted as a bodyguard to Cardinal Bourne when he was threatened by hostile elements, have since been received into the Catholic Church.

France.

As it is forbidden by the French law to wear a religious dress in a school, Cardinal Maurin of Paris, to test the constitutionality of the order, has founded a society of 30 teachers who, will wear a religious garb.

Millerand proposes to abolish the Combes laws against the religious orders in France, which tends to show that the activities of the Catholics produce results.

Germany.

According to a census taken in 1925, of the 62,400,000 Germans, 40,000,000 are Protestants and 20,200,000 are Catholics. As a result of the World War, Germany lost about 5,000,000 Catholic inhabitants to Poland and France. The majority of the inhabitants are Catholics in Bavaria: 100%, Westphalia. 50%; High Silesia, 88%, and Hohenzollern, 94%.

Hungary.

A truly astonishing revival of the Catholic Faith of the whole nation in less than ten years is evident. It was once more proven by the nineteenth National Catholic Congress, held at Budapest, the capital of the country. 250,000 people attended the procession with the Blessed Sacrament, Catholic noblemen walking side by side with members of the bourgeoisie and laborers as brothers. It is the bolshevik invasion of a few years ago that greatly roused the Catholics of Hungary to a new, active life.

Japan.

A number of prominent Japanese have decided to erect a statue in Yamaguchi in honor of Father Villon, a missionary of the Paris Foreign Missions Society, for 65

years in the Japanese mission, and the author of several works in Japanese on the history of the Catholic Church in Japan. It was owing to Father Villon's efforts that the monument to Saint Francis Xavier was recently erected in Yamaguchi.

Mexico.

During the past year, about 150 priests were executed, some of them in a most cruel way. According to a Mexican priest, whose name may not be revealed, the parish priest of N... was captured by Calles' emissaries, had his hands cut off, "so that he could not say Mass any longer", was brought to another town and refused by the soldiers any help a doctor traveling on the same train wanted to give him, and he died in a hospital from loss of blood.

According to the same priest, writing to his bishop in the United States: Father N... was arrested and taken out to be shot. His executioners invited the people to come and see a man die for Christ. The soldiers trembled at the sight of so many friends of the priest and refused to fire. An officer had to act as executioner.

"Every one here," so writes the priest "who is not for Obregon is being arrested and many are being shot at night in the cemetery. It is the order that has been received from the Turk (Calles)."

Miscellaneous.

According to Father Bertle from Bavaria, the name of Mary has the following origin and meaning "Mrj-mn" or "Mariamum" was the surname of many Egyptian queens and princesses between the years 2100 and 1100 B. C. From this, he holds, followed the Hebrew "Miriam" the Aramatic "Marjam"; the Greek "Mariamme". The Jews adopted the name from the Egyptians but did not remember the Egyptian origin of the name and its interpretation "Beloved of Amon" or "Favorite of Amon" (the God of the Egyptians). They transformed it into their own language

and religious opinion as: "Beloved of God" or Favorite of God".

Tchecoslovakia.

The famous apostate, Father Farsky, the founder of the Tchecoslovakian national church in 1920, and who after his apostasy waged a continual war against the Catholic Church, has died, a victim of a long and terrible cancer. Catholics for some time hoped he would return to the Church, but during his last illness, he was continually surrounded by a bodyguard of his churchmen who prevented any priest from coming near to him.

Knocking at the Gates

Long ago in India there lived a holy man. For seven years this good man performed many kind works. At the end of that time he mounted the three steps that took him to the doors of Paradise, and knocked loudly till he heard a voice. And the voice said:

"Who is it that knocks?"

"It is your servant, Lord, who seeks entrance," replied the holy man.

But there was no answer, and the gates remained closed.

Then the man went away, and performed many other good deeds, and for seven years lived a beautiful life working for others. At the end of that time he once more mounted the three steps, and tapped loudly at the portals of heaven.

"Who is it that knocks?"

"It is thy slave, O God!" he replied.

But the doors never moved.

"Ah," thought the holy man, "I have been selfish. I must not think of myself. In future I will do good for its own sake."

So he went away, and for seven more long and weary years he strove to live a noble life, and his selfishness completely vanished. At the end of those seven years of toil he went up the three steps leading to Paradise, and knocked gently.

And he heard the Voice, which said:

"Who knocks there?"

"It is your child, my Father."

And the gates opened, and he walked in.

CURRENT EVENTS

Philippines

Political.

The Filipino leaders, President Quezon and Senator Osmeña, received little encouragement in the United States for their immediate independence aspirations. However, both expressed satisfaction over the appointment of Colonel Stimson as Governor General, and so did the local papers of Manila. Later the same papers severely criticized the new Governor General for his suggestion that the Governor General should be empowered to appoint the chief executive of the Moro Province. If they had hoped that the new Governor would use only civilian advisers, they were again disappointed when the Governor sailed for the Islands, accompanied by Colonel Blanton Winship, aide to President Coolidge, as his legal military adviser.

Most contradictory news was circulated about President Quezon since he arrived in the United States, that he would become resident commissioner, that he would come back to the Philippines, that he is seriously ill at Monrovia where he will stay for an undetermined period of time, that he will come back before the elections but will not actively take part in the campaign, though a candidate in the district of Tayabas to succeed himself as Senator, etc. Senator Osmeña will arrive in Manila at the end of this month.

Work on the maintenance, repair and construction of many important provincial roads was in serious danger of being discontinued when Insular Auditor Wright refused to release the P2,716,000 approved by the Legislature, during the sine die session, claiming that this last session was illegal, though the Governor General already had approved the items of that same session.

Representative Nieto, of the Nationalist Bloc opposed to Speaker Roxas, sailed for the United States to expose the grievances of his party against the Speaker before President Quezon.

A Czecho-Slovakian steamer, loaded with 90,000 guns for the Northern Chinese Government, was forced to enter the harbor of Manila, but was allowed to continue its voyage notwithstanding the opposition made by local Chinese Nationalists and the Southern Government of China.

The law imposing an increased punishment upon recidivists was first applied to an habitual thief when, for the stealing of a small amount, he was sentenced to eleven years.

The Supreme Court maintained the inviolability of the independence of the judiciary when it decided that a justice of the peace of one municipality cannot be transferred to another by the Governor General without the advice and consent of the Philippine Senate.

The order of Director Topacio of the bureau of posts, depriving the Legionarios, a secret society, of the use of the mails, has been sustained by Mr. Unson, secretary of commerce and communications.

Miscellaneous.

At least 200,000,000 cubic meters of oil covering an area of 600 square kilometers and reaching a depth of 30 centimeters, are annually being lost to the Philippines by the natural process of erosion.

Foreign

China.

The most important war-lords of China have broken off their relations with the Soviets. Not so some smaller leaders in the South and the christian general Feng. Chiang-kai-shek has definitely repulsed the Reds from Canton and speaks much of waging war against Chiang-tso-lin of the North, though, seeing his difficulties with his own South, that victorious march against Peking may be postponed for a long time. Here follows what William H. Chamberlin, an American correspondent in the Far East explains in Current History for December last:

The army of China is a business enterprise, not an instrument of national defense or aggression. The typical Chinese General is an entrepreneur who is convinced that war offers larger rewards than ordinary business. By virtue of his military force, the General controls a certain territorial area from which he squeezes all available funds, amassing handsome fortune for himself.... The Chinese soldier is also a special type not unlike the professional man-at-arms of the Middle Ages.... They are recruited mostly from the permanent army of the jobless people who

Mr. Buckish withdrew from certain private colleges several "scandalous books, which should never have been printed at all."

Several municipal police forces of the Rizal Province were placed under direct control of the constabulary because of inefficiency.

The Philippine National Bank will begin paying its debt to the government beginning next July, according to Manager Wenceslao Trinidad. The bank owes the Government P2,000,000.

would probably be begging or starving, if military service did not offer them maintenance, plus more or less regular pay and an occasional chance to loot. For the soldier as for the General, the Chinese army is a business proposition.

Mexico.

After having ordered the murder of the opponents of the presidential candidacy of his friend Obregon, Generals Serrano and Gomez, Calles keeps on slaying his political enemies. Virtually every man of prominence, who has favored either Serrano or Gomez, was either shot or deported from the country. As he had the constitution changed to permit ex-president Obregon to run for presidential candidate in this year's elections (the Constitution does not allow a president to succeed himself, or serve a second term) he had it further changed to permit his friend, and after Obregon eventually himself, extending the presidential term to six years.

He is said to have caused the throwing of a few inoffensive bombs at Obregon, just to justify, especially before the American eyes, his persecutions of the Catholics whom he accused

of the crime and furthermore to have formed a faked attempt to assassinate the American Ambassador, Mr. Morrow. Of course he discovered the plot, as he knew he would, and by this he was sure to win American opinion, at least somewhat.

Accused of having offered large sums of money to bribe some influential American, though the accusation has been denied and seems to have been invented by the Hearst papers, nevertheless it looks as if Calles had taken the matter very seriously, for, almost immediately he ordered the Supreme Court to declare anti-constitutional his famous law against the foreign oil concerns. This means some powder thrown into American eyes and as only such a powder it is taken by many who expect a revision of this decision as soon as circumstances permit it.

In 1928, Mexico is bound to pay the interest on foreign loans of P117,000,000, and thus faces a deficit of P48,000,000 in its budget.

But Calles has started to confiscate properties and has imposed such taxes that mean practical confiscation, of course of the properties of his enemies first, and, eventually, of others who are claiming that they will have to discontinue their industries. Not only is the money lacking for his boasted projects of irrigation etc. but there is not even enough left in the treasury to pay the annual federal payroll.

Roumania.

Revolt imminent... Prince Carol about to take possession of the throne, etc. such are the notices we read now and then in the papers, about Roumania, since Premier Jan Bratianu died

after a throat operation, his cabinet being present at his death-bed and resigning so that the regency of the country immediately appointed Vintila Bratianu, finance minister and brother of the premier, to succeed him. The Bratianu family of banker princes have been the virtual rulers of Roumania since the days of old King Carol, father of the late King Ferdinand. Nevertheless, for a number of years, Bratianu has alternated as premier with General Averescu, who is a supporter of the ex-Crown Prince Carol, who resigned his rights to the throne to follow a woman he married against the will of his mother, while his legitimate wife, mother of the actual little King, is still alive, blames Bratianu for his voluntary exile at Paris. In fact Bratianu lead the campaign which finally forced Prince Carol to renounce his right to the throne which was given to his legitimate six year old son Michael, under a regency.

Bratianu was a tool of French politics. Averescu is a tool of Italian politics. In this respect it is interesting to note that Italy and Albania have made a public treaty of defensive alliance, regarded as a sharp answer to France, since it followed very closely the conclusion of a pact between France and Jugo-Slavia, styled by the Fascists as an act of aggression of Belgrade against Rome.

If the new premier of Roumania will not be able to keep Prince Carol out of the country and if General Averescu succeeds, with the help of the farmer party, in engineering a civil war, the people of Roumania will indirectly fight for the political and economic interests of Italy against France, and directly against their own.

QUESTION BOX

Questions unsigned will not be answered. Anonymous letters must find their way into the waste paper basket. We will not publish the names of those who send questions.

Question No. 36. — Talking about Saints and Blessed, somebody asked me, What the difference is between a Saint and a Blessed. Who of them is highest in Heaven? One answered that a Saint is higher in heaven than a Blessed. Please answer these questions and let me know whether or not a Saint, after Canonisation, possesses more merits in heaven than before.

Answer. — The Imitation of Christ tells us that we should not discuss the merits of Saints in heaven to satisfy our curiosity, but, as I think that you wish to be instructed in the Catholic doctrine, I will give you a short answer to your question.

We know that all people are judged after death and that their sentences are irrevokable. Thus at the moment of death, the time of acquiring merits stops. So, whatsoever the honors the people on earth are rendering us after death, our merits do not change and so our glory in heaven does not change. Which degree of glory shall we receive? The one we have merited during our life. Thus you see that the title of "Blessed" or "Saint" does not express the degree of glory one enjoys in heaven, and does not mean that the first is less glorious than the second.

We must find the difference between Blessed and a Saint not in their degree of glory but in something else:

1. A beatification lacks the solemnity of a canonisation. The beatification of a person means that he may be in heaven, seen the miracle operated through his intercession, and that he may be publicly honored in the Church.

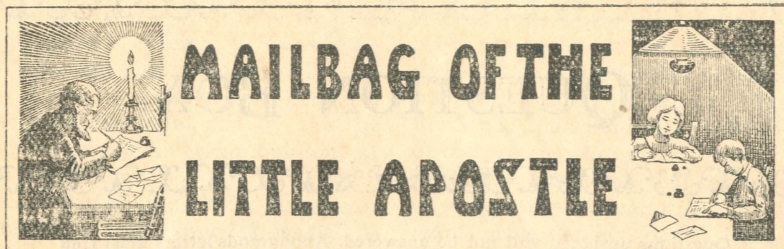
A canonisation is most solemn and means the definitive declaration by the Holy Father that a person canonized is in heaven.

2. A Blessed may be publicly honored but only in a specified place, Order, country....etc. while a Saint may be publicly honored everywhere.

3. Without special permission of the Holy Father, no church may be consecrated in honor of a Blessed, but may without permission of the Pope, in honor of a Saint.

4. Statues and pictures of Blessed may not be placed in public in a church, though those of Saints may.

Hoping that your desire of knowing is satisfied, let me add the advice of the Imitation of Christ: It is better to invoke the Saints with prayers and tears and ask humbly their intercession, than to scrutinize uselessly their secrets.



For all correspondence with "THE LITTLE APOSTLE" send your letter to THE LITTLE APOSTLE, BOX 1393, MANILA.

Manila, February 1, 1928.

Dear Readers.

The self-denial week of Advent of 1927 has been as successful as that of 1926. In fact it has been more so, if we take into account that the number of those who observed it in 1927 greatly surpassed the number of members of our Association of 1926.

This proves two things: that the people in the Islands read more about their unfortunate brethren of the Mountain Province and that they take more interest in their christianization.

There is individual charity and what we may call "national" charity. By the first we understand the good done for God's sake by an individual to his neighbour. By the second we mean the good done by a nation for the benefit of a people and the glory of God. As an individual is sometimes bound to practice charity, so is a nation sometimes under the same obligation. This is the case of Catholic Philippines. A great people within its boundaries is deprived of all means to make its way to Heaven. It is therefore the duty of charity of the greater, Catholic part of the country to succor the former. As individual charity is rewarded by God, so must national charity be recompensed by the Father of all Nations.

Hence let us endeavor to make the work of the Missions among the Igorotes better known. Let us talk among our Catholic neighbors of the duty all Christians have to cooperate with God for the salvation of all, but especially of our first duty to help the Church to spread the Gospel among those of our country who ignore its civilizing light: that Mission work in the Mountain Province, considered and done as a national duty and work, needs must bring national blessings upon the country.

Washington D. C. Dec. 9, 1927.

Rev. Father Vandewalle.

Enclosed please find a money order for Three Dollars, from two crusaders of the Little Flower who wish the Missions a very Happy Christmas and a New Year full of blessings.

Of course, we stipulate that you keep our little offering a secret.

Names.

By not mentioning the names, we think the secret is pretty safe and well kept, but the fact that two Crusaders, until some time ago in the Philippines, send their mite from far away Washington D. C. for the Mountain Province, as alms of their self-denial week, ought

to be known by the whole world. An obligation and a pledge of a Crusader is a pledge that must be kept, not only for one or two years but for the time it was taken, and we think that all our Crusaders of the Little Flower took the pledge of observing their self-denial week as long as they live or at least as long as the Mountain Province remains a Mission and needs the help of the Catholics, to become a Catholic Province.

From Miss Isabel Segovia we received a nice letter in which she announces that, though away from Manila and living near Stotsenburg, she has not forgotten her self-denial week and at the same time she renews her subscription to "El Misionero". Now, we are sure that she will send us, before long, some more subscriptions taken from among her many friends. Truly, Isabel?

Alas, there are many students in our Catholic Colleges, who subscribe to Mission Magazines while in the College, but once they have left their

Institutes, they forget all about them.

Do you know who ought to be called the Queen of the last self-denial week? We can not mention her name, but we may say that she deserves that title, because, though a student in one of Manila's colleges, she could save ₱35, which she gladly offered as an alms for the Missions. ₱35 is an enormous sum for a student and it means a great sacrifice to go without it. Great will be the reward of that generous young lady.

Self-denial for the sake of God should not be called such, for to deny something to ourselves in order to promote God's work means to preserve it for the coming life which is everlasting, while what we spend on ourselves, and only for ourselves, is spent forever without return. If we had only faith in God omnipotent, rewarding, and our coming eternity!

Respectfully yours in C.
"The Little Apostle".

In Memoriam



ABSOLVE, we beseech Thee, O Lord, the souls of thy servants Abundia Rayla, Carcar, Cebu; Felicidad de Guzman, Malabon, Rizal; Prudencia Benguensia, Dumanjug, Cebu; Victoria Arenga, Janiway, Iloilo; Dorotea SAVEDRA, Naga, Cam. Sur; Francisco Maglalang, Sta. Rita, Pampanga; Paula Abcede, Lucban, Tayabas; Nicolasa Naniagas, Lucban, Tayabas; Isidro Nantes, Lucban, Tayabas; Serapia Isoler, Dumanjug, Cebu; Paula Cantelang, Duero, Bohol; Damiana de Vera, Majayjay, Laguna; Alejandra Robel, Majayjay, Laguna; Filomena Carganilla, Bacnotao, La Union; Maximina Capulong, Apalit, Pampanga; Ramon Tanate, Tubungan; Guimbal, Iloilo; Antonio Locsing, La Paz, Iloilo; from every sin, that in the glory of the resurrection among Thy saints and elect they may arise in the newness of life, through Christ, our Lord. Amen.

For the Little Tots



A Little Life of the Little Flower for Little Children

Continuation

CHAPTER XVIII

Therese's First Confession.

THE TIME HAD COME for little Therese to make her first confession. All Catholics have to confess their sins, if they wish to have them forgiven, because Jesus has willed that sins on earth be forgiven by the Apostles and their legitimate successors, the priests. Now, how can priests forgive sins they do not know? It would be unwise to forgive something one ignores. If then the priests must know the sins to be forgiven, it is the duty of the sinners to confess them to the priests.

Paulina had taught little Therese how the priest takes the place of God in the confessional, because there and then he exercises

the right and power of Christ Himself, by forgiving sins against God. She had told her little sister that the priests are not at all allowed to reveal the sins they learn of in confession and that, until today, never has there been a priest who has dared to manifest a single sin heard in the confessional.

Little Therese examined her tender conscience for days, but not after having asked the light of the Holy Ghost to know in what she had offended God's infinite Holiness. To examine her conscience she looked over all the commandments of God and the Church.

Then she made her act of con-

trition, tears of sorrow flowing from her eyes, when she looked at the wounds of Jesus, caused by our sins, and when she thought of Jesus, a God-man, sorry unto death for our offenses. No, she would never offend Him again. She would die rather than to make Him again sorry and cause Him suffering through sins.

With this sorrow and firm purpose in mind and heart, she entered the confessional, placed herself well in front of the priest, so as to let him see the frankness of her face and words, and she confessed all her little sins. Of course, one is not obliged to confess venial sins, but it is better to confess even those and all of them, rather than to have to do penance for them in this or the other life, in purgatory. Even if she had committed mortal sins, she would have confessed them, rather than to commit a sacrilege by hiding them.

How happy she was when she came out of the confessional. Now she was as pure as on the day of her baptism, and seen her great sorrow, even all temporal punishment had been forgiven together with her sins, so that, if she had died there and then, she would have gone straight to heaven. When one can think of himself that way, that person needs must feel happy, is it not?

Since that day Therese, more than ever, dedicated herself to the service of God and the Blessed

Virgin, for, a grateful heart is afraid to displease a benefactor, especially if that benefactor is God Himself.

When she left the church after confession, she stood still for a few moments under a light of the street, and she looked very carefully at a small rosary she held in her tiny hands. This rosary had just been blessed by the priest in the church.

—What are you looking at, darling? Paulina asked.

—At my rosary, sister. It was blessed by the father, and I do not see any change in it.”

The little girl did not know she could not see blessings, and that in this world of matter, one has to work for heaven through faith in things the eyes can not see, and in graces that make their influence felt in our thoughts and actions.

Since the day of her first confession, the little child renewed this act of penance at each principal feast of the year; not because she committed many slight sins, but because she wanted to purify more and more her angelical soul.

Confessing sins already accused not only forgives more and more those same sins, but it takes away their temporal punishment if some was left after the first confession, and besides it confers graces to avoid these sins in the future, and thus it decreases and eradicates the evil dispositions which may have resulted as a consequence of the sinful actions.

And why did little Therese not receive Holy Communion?

At that time, children made their first Communion only when they had reached a certain age which varied between ten and twelve, though during the first ages of the Church it was not so. But this custom of receiving Holy Communion at said age, had crept in on account of the opinion that children ought to know what they receive in the Blessed Sacrament and thus to prepare themselves as well as possible. Today children are allowed and urged to make their first Communion as soon as they reach the age of reason, which varies between six and eight years, thus as soon as they reasonably can distinguish between ordinary bread and the Bread of Angels.

But if little Therese did not as yet receive Holy Communion, her devotion to the Blessed Sacrament was not less marvelous, for, from her father and sister she had learned and understood what the

Two sayings of Saint Teresa of Jesus:

"I do not fear to assert that there is nothing so useless, hideous, enervated, and wretched as the slothful religious."

"The greatest honor that God can bestow upon a soul is not to give it

Sacred Host means: the Body and Blood of Jesus Christ, God the Son become man. This was the reason why, if she liked any feast of the Church, she preferred most that of the Blessed Sacrament or Corpus Christi.

How respectfully and anxiously she looked at the Sacred Host when it was exposed in the church or shown by the priest for adoration at the consecration of the Mass. One of her greatest delights was to be chosen one in company with other little girls to throw flowers at and before the Blessed Sacrament solemnly carried by the priest during the procession on Corpus Christi. Dressed in white, with wings like a pure angel, the throwing of her rose petals seemed to announce that other throwing of other petals after her death, not towards God in the Blessed Sacrament but towards men who have a devotion to the Little Flower and the Blessed Sacrament.

great things, but to ask of it great things."

Cop on Shore: "I'm going to arrest you when you come out of there."

Man in Water: "Ha, ha! I'm committing suicide."



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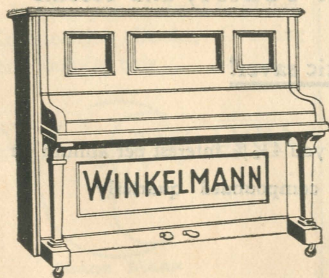
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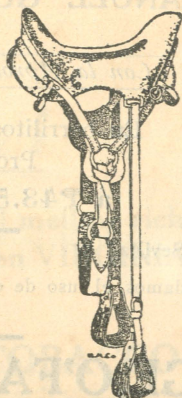
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